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gled in wild confusion with the long line of
 erors who were the pride and the destruction
 ancient Rome. In the galleries of the Vatican
 uffizzi, there are scores of statues stamped
 e features of Jupiter and of Augustus,
 Mercury and Antinöus, which were hence
 ured. The terrible "Moses" of Michael
 gelo, the "Christ" of Thorwaldsen, and
 "Greek Slave" of Powers, once lay
 e, side by side. And in no horoscope
 the world's future been revealed as in the
 te leaves of this stony book, we are too dull to
 id! What unborn deliverer of his race, what
 are poet, who shall sing to distant generations,
 yet stamp with his memorable face the stone
 now lies far beneath our feet, and shall not
 ow the sunlight from its glistening flakes till
 se who toil and we who dream have passed
 ond the light of sun or stars? What a cyclo-
 dia of biography is this grand old mine! Here
 e lay, side by side, in that immortal harmony
 ich stamps all enduring things, the "counter-
 presentments" of mortal foes, Brutus and
 ear, Bonaparte and Wellington, Luther and
 e Leo! And here lay, in one undistinguish-
 mass, the marble from which were to be carved
 umbus who revealed, Washington who ran-
 ned, and Lincoln who regenerated a continent
 yesterday unknown, when compared with the
 ue-notched centuries of these great mines,
 in which the poet has wrested immortality.
 re must have come to Hawthorne that striking
 ight, "As busts in the block of marble, so
 ur individual fate exist in the limestone of
 e fancy that we carve it out, but its ulti-
 e shape is prior to all our action."
 We fill our handkerchiefs with fragments, newly
 pped off, which might have figured in gallery
 oundoir as expressions of an artistic idea, but
 ll now serve no higher purpose than to recall
 e visit or cheat our friends at home by their
 mbance to superfine loaf sugar. Groups of
 ivers spread their frugal luncheon upon a states-
 an or a goddess, that is to be, and partake there-
 e staring good-naturedly upon the apparition of
 e ladies enacting "Excelsior" under difficul-
 e. Entering a mine where blasting is being
 eared for, we are assailed by offers of the
 mpling crystals here found, and in the white,
 e-like enclosure, amid the crow-bar's steady
 ump, and the pick's cleaving stroke, our nice old
 end informs us that we have seen "a specimen
 all," and we beat our retreat not unwillingly.
 Walking back to Carrara, he calls upon us to
 ify his statement touching the condition of the
 ads, which we pronounce "*cattivo*" to the last
 ee, and ask if ladies often try its stern reali-
 as?
 "O, certainly," is the reply, "especially the
 English and Americans. There were four here
 esterday, unattended, like yourselves."
 He tells us anecdotes of Dickens, whose guide
 was during a four days' exploration of the
 ighborhood; of Powers and Harriet Hosmer,
 who come to elect the blocks of marble they
 ll dow with beauty and immortalize with
 e; and of Horatio Greenough, for years a
 student in the "Accademia" at Carrara, of
 hich our guide's father was janitor. "Where,"
 e continues, "I was born, with my fifteen
 uthers and sisters. I used to work there for the

sculptors, but now I am too old. I have a
 son who has displayed much talent, especially
 in sculpturing shoe-ties and button-holes. He
 makes a good living by adding these items to
 the works of celebrated artists, who get all the
 credit of his skill, which is of a kind very much
 appreciated by your countrymen," he added,
 innocently!

He also favored us with a glimpse of Carrara
 politics.

"You ladies are Americans, and a man can
 repeat his political creed to you without getting
 apprehended by the police on the day following.
 There are but two articles in my confession of
 faith: First, the good God; and, second, Gar-
 ibaldi. I gave to Garibaldi all my sons—and I
 have five—to fight the battles that gave me back
 a united Italy. To be sure, we have a king upon
 the throne who is not worthy of us. He is a man
 of no talent and a very bad life, and the Prince
 Humberto is a hundred times weaker and more
 abandoned than his father. But don't mistake us,
 ladies; we of the people don't intend to be a foot-
 ball of France, nor the creatures of a king who
 thinks much more of the success of a deer hunt
 than he does of the liberties of the Italians, hardly
 yet won. Let me tell you a secret. There are in
 Carrara nearly three thousand men who work in
 mines, and we are all republicans. We want a
 chance to better our condition, to be educated, and
 to become worthy of liberty. We all belong to a
 secret organization and are solemnly sworn to
 stand by the cause. *Le bon Dieu* is Himself
 of the first and greatest of republicans, and He
 will not forsake us, even though we don't believe
 in confession nor care a penny for the mass. My
 son is a prominent officer in this society, and if
 ever you hear that Napoleon has had the hand cut
 off with which he holds Rome in his grip, and
 that Italy has struck for freedom, remember the
 old man who led you through the Carrara quarries
 one autumn day, and know that he and all his
 boys were in the battle, and fought or fell with joy
 for the same cause that you Americans hold dearer
 than all others."

We went to the "Accademia," and visited sev-
 eral studios, watching the different stages of crea-
 tion through which a statue passes on its way to
 the changeless life of marble. To see a workman
 in his paper cap and dusty jacket wielding his
 stone hammer over the prostrate form of a female,
 soon to take her place upon a pedestal in some
 cathedral and be labelled "Saint Barbara," is
 rather startling to the unwonted eye, while the
 rapid motion of the neat little chisel that chips the
 Grecian nose of a prospective Venus, is watched
 with an unpleasant perturbation lest the time of
 its wrenching off should be anticipated by too
 forcible a blow. Half-finished statues, speckled
 o'er with small, conical elevations or pencil marks
 indicate measurements, are a disagreeable stage
 in the creative process. Indeed, one finds real
 pleasure only in the molded clay, fresh from the
 sculptor's cunning hand. In this there is a magic
 which the mind delights to recognize; the mystic
 transmutation of a thought into a thing, the
 streaming from electric finger-tips of impalpable
 fancies which stamp themselves faithfully on what
 was but a shapeless clod.

The handsome Tuscan sculptor, whose work we
 have been watching, is the "fierce kind of a

republican," so whispers our old guide, "and
 would drop the chisel for the musket any day to
 serve the cause of *la bella Italia*." Whereupon,
 we shake hands with the young man, on the
 ground of a mutual political faith, and go our way
 from fair Carrara—fair as her own marbles, and
 pleasant as the music of her name—in a most
 mingled reverie, whose chief ingredients are
 quarries, statues and liberty.

BEING AN ARTIST.

P. FISHE REED.

It requires time and study to become an artist;
 quite as much as is devoted to music, or any other
 study, and it is singular that people will devote
 time, study and money to music, while drawing
 and painting is scarcely thought of. The ear is
 cultivated to the fullest extent; the eye, which is,
 perhaps, the principal medium through which we
 recognize beauty, is sadly neglected, being left to
 wonder at the inventions of others.

People think nothing of beginning with the
 musical gamut, and puzzling over the mysteries of
 music for years, that they may be able to perform
 respectably; but novices, who have not the first
 idea of art, too often think that they can go to an
 artist and learn to paint a fine large picture after a
 dozen lessons. Without the trouble of going
 through the A B C of the art, they expect to
 become artists. It seems impossible for them to
 comprehend the years of toil and study by which
 the artist himself has acquired his knowledge.

While music is a very pleasurable accomplish-
 ment, it is usually *only* an accomplishment, and
 cannot be made of as much utility as art. This
 latter has its value. It is both pleasurable and
 profitable, if one wishes to make it so, and if
 young people would but give it as much attention
 as is given to music, they would find therein as
 much pleasure and more profit.

The drawing, as taught in the common schools
 and academies, is at present of little value, for,
 unless one has a special talent for this, he will
 never accomplish much. To learn to draw, one
 wants a competent teacher, and, as in music, he
 should begin at the beginning. In Europe, art
 pupils are restricted for years to the use of the
 pencil and crayon, until they have thoroughly
 mastered the three great principles of art—form,
 light, and shade—when they are allowed to pass
 into color, which they then manage with compar-
 ative ease.

Let those, then, who desire to become artists,
 do as masters of art have had to do: study and
 practice drawing, first with a competent art teacher,
 and then with the great teacher, Nature, from
 whom one never learns false harmony, either in
 lines or colors. You may cheat your artist teacher
 and yourself, and be persuaded that you have
 actually painted a very handsome picture, after
 having taken *only twelve lessons*; but you cannot
 cheat Nature, for she ever holds up before you the
 true standard, in all its beautiful harmony, which,
 with many trials, you attempt to imitate, and though
 for years these trials may be failures, yet, if you
 have the desire and the courage to persevere, you
 will overcome many of the difficulties, and at last
 be rewarded with a tolerable imitation.